

# DIARY OF FUCKSHITS 1 (Fuckshits 2024)

*Ilija's 2024 Life Until 2025 (The Book that Started the Diary of Fuckshits Series)*

---

The First Month of 2024: January

## January 1, 2024 - Off to an CHEEEESY Start

Woke up hungover from last night's New Year celebration. Nothing like ringing in the new year with a few too many drinks and some deep-fried food. That's the tradition now, right? Anyway, I decided it was time for my annual "New Year, New Dogshit" resolution. Not that I ever follow through with those, but hey, I made a promise to myself to stop getting annoyed by minor dumb stuff. Let's see how long that lasts before I lose my shit.

After that, I grabbed my usual shit: **Pizza Margherita**. I swear that pizza is a party in my mouth and ass. It's the only thing that can make me feel like I'm truly startin' fresh. And if the pizza's cool, everything else is

tolerable. The pizza was extraaaaa **CHEEEEEESY** today. Great way to start off my year.

**January 4, 2024 - Tempo and Katy, The Meeting**

Alright, so this was *definitely* **WEEEEEEIRDDD**. I walk into my kitchen and...

# BOOOOOM!!!!

There are two creatures cooking Sunnyside-up **eggs**. Yeah, I didn't puss out because I've had **WEEEIRDDDDER shit** happen, but I had to sit down and figure out what was going on. These creatures, Tempo and Katy, turn out to be from another dimension or something. They're chill. Insert chill guy here. They we're a litttleee bit nervous at first, but they got over it and cooked up some eggs. My family came in, and

they were all like "WHEEEET DE FEEEEEECKKK?" But somehow, I wasn't fazed by it. We ate breakfast together like everything was fine. I even wrote it all down in this diary. If these alien-like creatures are cool with weird stuff like this, they might as well meet Elsa, my cat, who always hides in my backpack.

### **January 8, 2024 - Valentine's Day, Pizza Valenitta (Keepin' It Chill with Ilija)**

Okay, this one's a little... **SPICY**. It was "Pizza Valenitta" day, a little tradition I started where I eat pizza, don't give a **shit** about the whole Valentine's Day thing (you know, romance?), and just enjoy the company of good food and have some fun, non-romantic love. Spent the day chilling with Elsa, stuffing my face with Pizza Margherita and some chocolate cake. Don't get me wrong, love is great, but I'm not looking for romance. I'm looking for sex (no minors included), pizzazz, and no bullshit. Did a bit of thinking about the future, but that's for later. Today? Pizza and me, just vibin'. Keep it chill with Fuckshits, it's good.

## **January 14, 2024 - Smooth Gymshits**

I had a moment today. You know how sometimes you're hit with that realization that you're a boss at handling things? That's what happened. Took a few laps around the gym, working through the obstacle course while Elsa rode on my shoulder like the urban catchamp she was. Everything about today was solid. And then, I checked in with work and handled a few things with my secret job. Things are running smoothly, but it's the adrenaline that keeps me going. I could never sit still.

## **January 20, 2024 - Thicccc of It**

Nothing major to report today, but sometimes it's the small moments that hit hardest. I was on the school bus with my phone, thinking about life. Yeah, I know, sounds weird for an 18 year old dipshit like me, but I've been in the thick of a few crazy adventures lately. So, I just took a moment to think: "What the fuck is next?" Honestly, who the fuck knows? But I'm ready for it. Whether it's doin' my homework or dealing with whatever dogshit gets thrown my way, I'm prepared.

## **January 25, 2024 - Lurking Sexsus**

I had to fight Fucky today. Yeah, my archenemy, Fucky Sexsus. He was made from my own waste. I found him lurking near my old warehouse, trying to stir up trouble again. This time, though, I had backup: Elsa, my cat, and a set of serious moves. He didn't see it coming. Took him down pretty quick, but then the cops showed up. Gotta admit, there's a satisfaction in making things right. The police were kind of surprised I handled it all so smoothly. Not every day you see a man who's also dealing with interdimensional dipshits while making sure his family's safe.

## **January 31, 2024 - Endmonth (Conclusion)**

End of January. A whole bunch of stuff went down this month—good and bad—but it was a month of growth. I'm learning more about myself, my family, and, well, the bizarre world I seem to keep getting sucked into. Not that I'm complaining; this is my life, and I'm rolling with it. The whole "New Year, New Dogshit" thing?

Yeah, it's going alright. I'm not exactly the Zen guy, but I'm handlin' things better than I ever did before.

End of month. I saw 7 days of special shit. I don't know how to feel, just kidding, I feel excited for February.

And that's the first chapter of my wild year. Stay tuned for the rest of it, where I deal with more adventures, strange creatures, and a whole lot of pizza. Because let's be real: the pizza is always there when you need it. And I'll need it to survive this weird life.

If you're reading this book online, I hope you're laughing, because that's what I want to do every time I think about this insane year. Enjoy the ride, folks—because it's just getting started.

— Ilija "Peter Fuckshits" Bulcid, me to be exact.

## The Second Month of 2024: February

### February 1, 2024 - Just a Chill Day Out (1 Step Ahead from the Excitement)

The first day of February, and I already feel like I'm one step ahead. Got up, had my eggs and bacon (as usual), and then headed to work at my energy bar company. Can't forget that I've got my secret job to keep me busy. But when I got home, that's when things took a not so wild but still wild turn.

Tempo and Katy are back on the crack. They showed up again today. Apparently, they were just passing through, but they decided to stop by and cook some more eggs. My family was *all about it*. They think these otherworldly creatures are some sort of magical breakfast experts now. Hell, I'm not complaining. More eggs for me. Hope you can barely wait for the cool part.

## **February 10, 2024 - Valentine's Appetizer (Pizzazz)**

Valentine's Day is coming, and I'm still not about that whole romance shit. But I'm not a dumb cock snot either. I know people expect me to do something, like, kiss your goddamn Jesus Harold wife. So, I'll just keep it simple: pizza. And if anyone wants to join me for some non-romantic love, I'm cool with that. It's all about the pizza. No pressure, no drama. It's all about sex (again, no fucking kids included, do I have to remind you?), pizzazz, and havin' fun, while keepin' it simple.

## **February 14, 2024 - Pizza Valenitta Day**

It's that time again. *Pizza Valenitta*. I didn't go all out like last year, but I had a great time. Elsa was there, I ordered my favorite pizza, and I spent the day just enjoying life. It wasn't about finding love, it was about embracing the fact that I'm perfectly fine with myself. Sometimes, that's all you need. With some sex (NO MOTHERFUCKING MINORS!!! HOW ELSE???)



## **February 28, 2024 - Endmonth (Conclusion)**

Wrapped up the month, and I gotta say: it was pretty fuckin' solid. Not as chaotic as January, but a good month nonetheless. Tempo and Katy dropped by a few times, but honestly, I'm getting used to them. They're cool creatures. I'm just waiting to see what next month brings. Knowing my luck, it'll probably be another weird encounter with Fucky or some other freaky business. For now, goodbye, my cute fuckers.

## **The Third Month of 2024: March, March to A Good Month**

### **March 1, 2024 - Just a Normal Day (again)**

March has arrived, and with it, the realization that I've officially survived 2 damn months of this insane year. It feels like I've been dealing with nonstop chaos—random interdimensional creatures, my weird

family, and a constant battle with the sexsus. But hey, I'm still alive. Still breathing. And still eating pizza. Can't complain, celebration that I didn't die 2 months later.

I woke up this morning, got my eggs and bacon ready, and then immediately headed for the gym. Gotta keep the body in shape for all the weirdness that's going on. Elsa was my workout buddy catchamp, of course. It's crazy how much that cat can motivate me. Maybe it's the stare she gives me when I slack off for two seconds. Or the tricks I do with her.

Anyway, after my workout, I went to work at the energy bar company. I don't talk about this job much, but I've been making good progress. My boss thinks I'm a genius with energy bars (which, to be fair, I am), and I keep getting these secret assignments that I can't really talk about. But I'm not complaining. It keeps me busy and gives me some cash to fuel those pizzazz.

### **March 5, 2024 - Another Sexsus**

Today was another Fucky encounter. I swear, that bastard just doesn't know when to quit. I was heading back home when I saw him lurking near the old warehouse. He tried to hide behind a stack of boxes like I wouldn't notice. I don't know why he thought he I'm a stupid Stuart little, but I wasn't havin' it.

So I chased him down, tackled him, and once again, immobilized him. This time, I called the cops, but I made sure to tell them exactly what happened. Fucky's crimes are getting weirder, but I'm starting to think he's just a small Cock snot in a much bigger machine. Still, I'm not lettin' him go.

### **March 7, 2024 - Another Tempo**

The strangest thing happened today. Tempo and Katy showed up again. I swear, those two fuckers (Man and Woman) are more persistent than my migraines. They were cookin' eggs again, like it was just another Tuesday. They must really love eggs. Maybe I should

ask them where they're from, because they seem to have unlimited knowledge of cooking them perfectly every time.

Anyway, I decided to just go with it. I sat down and had breakfast with them, and we all started talkin' about... random stuff. Tempo and Katy don't speak the same language as us, but somehow, I could understand them. It was the strangest thing. They were asking me about the world I live in, and I just shrugged it off like "Eh, you get used to it." They seemed fascinated by that response.

### **March 14, 2024 - Just a Break... Please?**

Today, I realized something. I've been focusing so much on dealing with Fuckys and otherworldly creatures that I've forgotten to live my own life. So, I took the day off from all the madness. Elsa and I went for a walk through the park, and I actually enjoyed it. It was nice to have some peace and quiet for a change. Of course, knowing me, the peace didn't last.

Around noon, I bumped into Billy Addam again. This time, he had some new intel on that sexsus bastard. Apparently, Fucky has been collecting strange artifacts, and Billy thinks he might be working with someone bigger. We didn't have time to talk more because a loud noise interrupted us—someone was clearly trying to mess with the park. But I'm going to keep an eye on this.

### **March 17, 2024 - Comeback of the Sexsus**

So, guess what? Fucky's back. Billy was right. Fucky this time, brought some reinforcements. They call themselves the "Egg Squad." Yeah, I know it sounds ridiculous, but that's what they're called. It's a whole group of freaky-lookin' dipshits who apparently have a thing for eggs, too. They've been showing up at random spots, causing trouble.

I'm not sure what their endgame is (skip until their endgame where they are never mentioned again if you wanna know instantly), but I'm ready for whatever comes next. Elsa and I went on a hunt today to track

them down. I was armed with my gun (as usual), and Elsa had her usual cat-stare, which honestly distracts the shit out of people with cuteness. We found them in an alleyway near the old warehouse. Fucky didn't see us coming, and we managed to take out a couple of his minions. I swear, no one has a chance when I'm on the hunt.

### **March 21, 2024 - Another Sexsus (again)**

Okay, so things are escalating fast. Fucky's Egg Squad has been getting bolder, and it's clear they have a mission. I tried to dig deeper into what they want, but every time I get close, they vanish like smoke. It's honestly starting to piss me off.

On the upside, I've been working with Billy to piece together the puzzle. He seems to know a lot about Fucky's movements, and together, we might be able to crack the code. But it's taking longer than I expected. In the meantime, I've been doing my best to keep my family safe and keep everything from falling apart. I think they're starting to notice the chaos, but they

haven't fully caught on yet. Let's keep it that way for now.

## **March 25, 2024 - Setback, Progress, Shit, Whatever...**

Today was a strange mix of progress and setbacks. On one hand, I made huge strides at the energy bar company and learned some new tricks to make the bars even better. On the other hand, Fucky and his crew seem to be plannin' somethin' **BIGGGG**. I overheard them talkin' today, but I couldn't make out much. Whatever it is, it's bad news. And I'm not about to let them get away with it.

In other news, Tempo and Katy showed up again, cooking eggs, as usual. They've been hanging around a lot lately, and I'm starting to think they're trying to warn me about something. They don't talk much, but when they do, it feels like they're trying to tell me something important. Maybe I'm just overthinking it, but who knows? Stranger things have happened.

## **March 31, 2024 - Endmonth (Conclusion)**

The month is over, and I feel like I've barely scratched the surface of whatever madness is brewing. Fucky is still out there, the Egg Squad is getting more aggressive, and my life has become a weird balancing act between battling creatures, working my secret job, and trying to have a normal day. But somehow, I'm managing.

Elsa's still my trusty sidekick, keeping me grounded at all times. We've been through a lot together, and I honestly don't know what I'd do without her. Whatever happens in April, I'm ready. I've got this.

## **The Fourth Month of 2024: April, Month of Dipshit**

**April 1, 2024 - April Dipshits (A Prankful Start... to be exact)**



It's April Fools Day (April Dipshits, to be exact), and of course, chaos ensues. I woke up expecting my usual morning of eggs and bacon, but what I didn't expect was Elsa trying to prank me. She knocked over my entire plate of eggs onto the floor and then just stared at me like she had won some kind of victory. It was the most un-cat-like thing she's ever done, but I respected it.

The day went on with my usual mix of work and adventuring, and people around me were trying to pull off pranks. Billy, of all people, tried to get me to think Fucky had turned good and was working with the Egg Squad. I saw right through it, though. No way Fucky is capable of doing anything even remotely decent. Just kidding, It's a prank never the less.

In other news, Tempo and Katy showed up again. They didn't even try to hide it this time—they just landed in the backyard, started cooking eggs, and acting like they were at home. I'm starting to think I should've

invested in a "Weird Creatures Welcome" sign. But no, things are about to get a whole lot more interesting.

### **April 5, 2024 - Another Sexsus, Another Tempo**

Today's the day. The day everything turned up a notch.

So Tempo and Katy, as usual, were in the backyard making their signature eggs, and out of nowhere—Fucky. He showed up. And not just him. He had his Egg Squad with him. It looked like he was preparing for something big, but whatever it was, I wasn't going to stand by and let it happen.

Tempo and Katy saw him too, and they didn't waste any time. Without a word, they leapt into action. Tempo pulled out some kind of weird energy blaster that shot eggs (I kid you not), and Katy unleashed some crazy acrobatic moves.

I knew what I had to do. My gun was ready, and Elsa perched herself on my shoulder, watching everything like it was just another Tuesday. I joined the fray, shooting at the Egg Squad while dodging and weaving

through the chaos. For a while, it felt like the battle was going nowhere. But then, Tempo did something that completely threw me off: they fired an egg directly at Fucky.

You might think that sounds ridiculous, but trust me—this was no ordinary egg. It exploded in his face, causing him to stumble backward. The Egg Squad was shaken like a protein shake, but still, Fucky had a few tricks up his buttocks (or sleeve, becuz why not fix this?).

It was an epic battle, but eventually, Tempo and Katy made Fucky retreat. He wasn't defeated, but it was clear he had underestimated them. We won this round, and the creatures left, promising to return when the time was right.

### **April 7, 2024 - Chat with the Creatures**

Today was a huge revelation. Tempo and Katy came back, and this time, they sat down with me to talk. No

explosions, no battles—just a peaceful conversation. And here's the kicker: they spoke human language.

At first, I thought they were just messing with me again, but Tempo explained they had been going through a kind of "voice box disease" that prevented them from speaking clearly. They'd gotten some kind of treatment, and now they could finally talk like regular humans. Honestly, I don't know whether to be amazed or freaked out.

We talked for hours. They told me about where they came from (which is Rhythmia), a dimension far beyond our own. They were explorers, and their mission was to monitor the weird, otherworldly stuff happening here. They didn't want to get involved in human conflicts, but with Fucky making moves, they couldn't just stand by anymore.

It was a lot to take in, but the whole situation made sense. I've been dealing with all kinds of bizarre creatures, and now I know it's all connected somehow.

They didn't have all the answers, but I know one thing for sure: Tempo and Katy are on my side. And that's a team I can work with. Team Fuckshits.

I decided to stick around with them for a while, helping them figure out their next steps. Whatever happens with Fucky and the Egg Squad, I'm ready. This battle isn't over. But for now, at least, I've got a bit of peace.

### **April 10, 2024 - Results from 3 Days Later...**

After spending the past few days hanging with Tempo and Katy, I've learned a lot. For one, they seem to be kind of like... agents of sorts. They've been tasked with keeping things in balance, but Fucky's interference is making it all harder. Still, it's comforting to know that I'm not just some random guy stuck in this mess.

There's a bigger picture, and Tempo and Katy are doing their best to make sense of it all.

In the meantime, Fucky hasn't been idle. He's still got his plans brewing in his pot, and I'm sure he's plotting something bigger than just fuckin' around with the Egg

Squad. But for now, he's off the radar. That gives me a bit of time to focus on other things. Like, I don't know—eating pizza? Yeah, that sounds good.

Elsa's been chill about everything, as usual. Now insert chill guy as a cat, because of the meme. She seems to approve of the whole "weird creatures in the backyard" thing, which is oddly comforting. She doesn't get phased by much.

**April 15, 2024 - 5 Days Later... (Weird days, to be honest)**

The days are getting weirder. Tempo and Katy have been taking me on little adventures through hidden parts of the world, and each time, I'm left questioning just how deep this rabbit hole goes. Apparently, there's more to the world than just us humans. And the creatures? Well, they're watching. We're not as alone as we think.

I'm starting to feel a little overwhelmed by it all, but I know one thing: I'm not backing down. Whatever

happens, I'll be ready. And it's comforting to know that Tempo, Katy, and Elsa are by my side.

Fucky's still out there somewhere. But I'll be waiting.

---

### **April 31, 2024 - Endmonth (Conclusion)**

As April wraps up, I can't help but wonder what's next. The Egg Squad is still around, and Fucky's plans are in motion. But there's one thing I know for sure: the next chapter of this year is going to be even crazier.

But will it be crazy?

**The Fifth Month of 2024: May**

## May 1, 2024 - A Gay Beginning

So, May has rolled in, and I've decided to embrace something new. It's funny how things work sometimes—one minute you're just living your life, trying to defeat a villain with an egg obsession, and the next, you start noticing things you've never really thought about before.

I woke up today and felt like something was different. Maybe it's the vibe of the month or the fact that April ended with a lot of unanswered questions, but for some reason, I just feel a little different. I'm not sure how to describe it. Something's shifting inside me.

Elsa gave me a weird look this morning, like she could tell something was off, but she just curled up next to me and let me do my thing. She's a good cat.

Anyway, I've decided to just roll with it. May Gay, they say. I don't know if that's what it's actually called, but I'm going to try it out. The whole vibe of "being a little



gay for the month" feels fresh and new, and who's to say I can't have some fun with it?

### **May 3, 2024 - New Friends and New Feelings**

So, while hanging out with Tempo and Katy, I noticed something strange. I mean, not strange in the "weird creatures and bizarre battles" kind of strange, but more in the "I might be feeling something" kind of strange.

Tempo's energy is just... captivating. I'm talking about their movements, the way they talk, and just the overall vibe they give off. Katy's cool too, but there's something about Tempo that makes me think a little differently. Like, maybe I'm not just interested in them for their otherworldly powers or their egg skills. There's something more.

I haven't said anything yet. It's still all too new. But I'll be honest. I've been thinking about it a lot lately. Maybe I'll figure it out by the end of the month, or

maybe I won't. Either way, this whole thing is a little exciting.

### **May 7, 2024 - Hangin' Out with Tempo (Gayily)**

Today, Tempo and I spent some time just hanging out. Katy had to do something with some mysterious device they found in the backyard (don't ask me, I don't get it), so I was alone with Tempo for a bit. At first, it was just normal conversation—talking about life, the universe, and egg-related mishaps. But as the hours went on, I realized I was having way more fun than I should be.

I know I've got a lot going on right now—there's Fucky out there, there's Elsa always needing attention, and I've got my duties as a protector of my family. But right now? I felt like maybe I was letting my guard down in a way I hadn't before. Tempo isn't just some creature from another world anymore. They're becoming a little more real to me.

We shared a few laughs, talked about everything under the sun, and honestly? I think they get me more than most people. There's this weird connection. Maybe it's just my May Gay phase, but it felt like we were vibing in a way I hadn't expected.

**May 10, 2024 - A Momaynt. A Gay One.**

Okay, I think I need to seriously think about this. I was hanging out with Tempo again today, and we were having a deep conversation about how messed up Fucky is, and all of a sudden, Tempo did this thing. They just casually leaned in, and I swear it felt like they were close enough to kiss me.

I didn't move. I didn't push them away. I just... kissed 'em. It wasn't anything huge, just a moment. But it hit me harder than I expected. I don't know what that was—maybe it was just a misstep, or maybe it was more. Not a misstep, maybe.

Am I *into* Tempo? (Maybe sexually?) Is this what this whole "May Gay" thing is about? Am I supposed to make a move now? Do I even *want* to?

I've been thinking a lot about my feelings today, and I'm not sure what they mean. All I know is that this is weird, new, and exciting. And I'm starting to like the feeling of it.

**May 14, 2024 - A Bold Step... still the gay phase.**

So, today I did something... bold. After spending a few weeks just thinking about it, I decided to talk to Tempo about the weird feelings I've been having. I didn't go into details, but I let them know that I wasn't just thinking of them as some random creature from another world. There's something there, something real.

Tempo didn't react the way I thought they would. Instead of making things awkward, they just smiled and told me that they felt the same way—kind of. They said they've never really experienced human emotions

in the same way before, but they were open to exploring what this connection might be.

I don't know what comes next, but this feels like a huge step for me. I'm starting to realize that maybe, just maybe, I don't have to have all the answers right away. Sometimes, it's okay to just go with the flow and see where things take you. I kissed with him, and had a good day.

**May 21, 2024 - A Gay Phase... maybe weird? Maybe sexy? Should it be time to worry?**

It's strange. As much as I've been dealing with all the Fucky mess and worrying about whatever schemes he's plotting, all I can think about right now is Tempo. I'm not even sure how that happened. This whole "May Gay" thing is turning out to be more than just a phase for me.

I've been so wrapped up in this new side of myself, I almost forgot about the usual craziness. Tempo's been makin' me laugh more than anyone else lately. Maybe it's

the connection we share, or maybe it's the way they look at me when I talk about my plans for taking down Fucky. I don't know.

But for the first time in a while, I'm not worried about the next fight. I'm not stressed about the future. For now, I'm just happy to be here. With Tempo.

### **May 30, 2024 - Endmonth... End of a Different Phase**

Well, here we are, at the end of May. Looking back, this month's been about exploring new sides of myself—things I didn't think I'd be dealing with. Being "a little gay" turned out to be a lot more than I thought it would be. Tempo's become a huge part of my life, and for better or worse, I think I'm really starting to care about them in a way I never expected.

Who knows what happens next? Maybe this is just a phase. Maybe it's more. All I know is that I've learned a lot about myself. I've got a lot to figure out, but that's the adventure, right?

Here's to the next month. Let's see what happens.

## **The Sixth Month of 2024: June**

### **June 1, 2024 - A Hot Beginning, not sexy, but hot.**

Alright, so here we are, June. After the whole May Gay experience, I'm starting to feel like this year is just full of surprises. Everything's kind of falling into place in weird ways, and I'm learning more about myself with each passing day.

So, yeah, things are still a little awkward with Tempo, but I'm not backing down. I've decided to just go with it. Whatever this is, I'm riding the wave. The start of June feels hot in more ways than one—physically because summer's here and it's ridiculously hot, and emotionally because of everything going on with Tempo.

Today, I spent a good part of the day just hanging with Tempo. We didn't talk too much about *us*—more about

the whole "Fucky situation," which is getting worse every day. Still, there was this underlying feeling that, yeah, something's definitely happening here.

### **June 7, 2024 - An Unexpected (but also useful) Gift**

Today Tempo surprised me with something. We were talking about random stuff, and suddenly they handed me a gift wrapped in some kind of cosmic paper that smelled like burning marshmallows. I opened it, and it was this weird, glowing rock. Tempo said it had "powers" but didn't explain much beyond that. Honestly, it felt like a joke gift at first, but the rock actually feels... special. Maybe it'll come in handy later. For now, I'm just holding onto it.

And for the record, it was really sweet of them to get me something, especially considering all the weird stuff that's been going on lately. Who knew a creature from another dimension could make me feel this special?

### **June 14, 2024 - Comeback of the Sexsus (AGAIN!)**

I hate to admit it, but Fucky's been making a comeback.



Things have been quiet for a while, but I got a tip-off today that he's been gathering allies. People—or creatures—who are even more dangerous than him.

I know I should be focused on preparing for the fight, but honestly, I'm too distracted right now. Fucky's there, lurking in the background, but all I can think about is Tempo. And I think Tempo's starting to notice too. The chemistry between us is undeniable, and it's kind of hard to focus on saving the world when your mind keeps wandering to *them*.

But that's the thing, isn't it? There's always some crazy enemy to fight, but sometimes, you need something good to hold onto while you do it. For me, right now, that's Tempo.

**June 20, 2024 - An Conversation (one that was avoidable until Day 171 of 2024, now)**

I did it. I finally had that conversation with Tempo, the one I've been avoiding. We were sitting outside in the backyard (Elsa was napping nearby), and I told them

that I'm not just feeling confused anymore. I'm into them. Not just in a "what is this?" kind of way, but in a "I want this to be real" kind of way.

Tempo was quiet for a moment. Then they smiled, that signature mischievous grin they always have, and told me they felt the same way. They'd been waiting for me to admit it. I guess they're more in tune with human emotions than I thought.

I didn't expect it to feel so good, to finally just say it. It's like this weight lifted off my chest. And now that we've put it out there, things between us feel... right.

There's still the Fucky problem to deal with, but I'm honestly feeling like I can take it all on, knowing I've got Tempo by my side.

### **June 24, 2024 - Strength... It's All About the Fights and Protection**

I've been thinking about strength a lot lately. Not just physical strength, but emotional strength. With everything going on—Fucky's mess, my confusing

feelings for Tempo, and the constant battle to protect my family—I've had to learn a lot about resilience.

And here's the thing: I didn't realize until recently that I'm actually getting stronger. I used to think strength meant being tough, never showing weakness, but now? It's about knowing when to fight and when to lean on those around you. Tempo's been that person for me. Realizing it on Day 175 isn't shocking. Anyway, they've been supportive in ways I never expected, and that's making me feel more grounded than I have in a while.

We've been training together, preparing for whatever Fucky's got up his sleeve next. Honestly, I'm not worried anymore. With Tempo and Elsa by my side, I feel like we can take on anything.

### **June 30, 2024 - Endmonth (Conclusion)**

And just like that, June is over. It's been a month of growth, both emotionally and physically. I've come to terms with a lot of things about myself, especially

where I stand with Tempo. We're in this together now. Whatever happens next, I know we'll handle it.

As for Fucky? He's still out there, somewhere, plotting his next move. But whatever he throws our way, I'm not afraid anymore. I've got my crew—Tempo, Elsa, and whoever else decides to show up.

I've learned that sometimes you just have to let things flow. Life's always going to throw semen and balls, but if you've got the right people by your side, you can handle anything.

On to the next month, whatever it brings.

## **The Seventh Month of 2024: July**

**July 1, 2024 - An Hot Beginning, Hotter than Last Time**

Holy fuck, it's hot. July came in like a steam train, and I'm already sweatin' buckets. It's the kind of heat where you can't even walk outside without feeling like you're suffocating and being submerged in water. Not that I'm complaining. Summer's always had a strange kind of energy to it—kind of like the universe itself is just *amped* and ready to make things happen.

Today, Tempo and I took Elsa out for a walk. It felt like we were walking through an oven, but there was something strangely peaceful about it. Maybe it's because we've all been through so much, but when it's just the three of us, I kind of forget about everything else.

But, of course, it wasn't long before I got a message—something about Fucky making his move. I didn't want to be distracted, but after everything we've been through, I'm not just going to ignore it.

**July 5, 2024 - Yet Another Nother Sexsus, and Another Tempo Move**

Alright, so here's the deal. Fucky decided that this was the month to make a move. He gathered a bunch of creepy creatures that looked like they were straight out of a bad dream. It was a serious battle today, and we weren't prepared for how intense it got.

Tempo was by my side, and we fought like hell to protect the place. Elsa was up there, ready to go with her cat-like agility. We ended up holding off Fucky's crew, but not without a fight. Tempo and I worked like a well-oiled machine, taking down the freaks one by one. It felt pretty damn good to finally take a stand, not just for my family, but for the ones I care about.

Still, Fucky's not done yet. I'm thinking he's waiting for a bigger opportunity. But we're ready for whatever's next.

**July 12, 2024 - Just Another Break... Thanks...**

Things have been really crazy lately, so I took a breather today. I went to the park, just me and Elsa. The sun was setting, and everything just felt... calm.

It's the kind of moment where you realize how much you've grown. Looking back, I never would've thought I'd be fighting otherworldly creatures, yet here I am, dealing with some seriously *out-there* stuff.

And then there's Tempo. I keep thinking about how far we've come. I can't deny it anymore: I've got feelings for them, strong ones. It's not just some temporary thing. It's real. I know I've been figuring it all out, but I think I'm ready to take the next step. It feels like I'm not just surviving anymore—I'm actually living.

**July 17, 2024 - Yet An Other Another Another A  
Nother Nother An Ot Her Sexsus**

I hate how persistent Fucky is. I thought we had finally shaken him, but nope. He's back, and this time, he's bringing reinforcements. Tempo and I went on a stakeout tonight. We're not taking any chances. If Fucky's planning something, we're going to catch him in the act.

To make things worse, he's been sending these weird, cryptic messages to people around me. I can't tell if it's just mind games or if he's trying to get inside my head. Either way, it's not working. I've got a mission, and I'm not letting him mess with me now.

### **July 21, 2024 - Conversation, another one**

Today, I had a long conversation with Tempo. Things are starting to feel a little more... serious, and I'm not sure what to make of it. I told them that I'm not just in this for the short term. This—*us*—it's real, and I need to know where they stand.

They took a moment, but then, with a smile, they said they feel the same way. It wasn't a big dramatic moment, just a quiet, honest conversation, but I could tell that this wasn't just a fling. It's something worth fighting for.

And I'm not just talking about our relationship. I'm talking about everything. The fight against Fucky, my



family, the people I care about—this is all bigger than any of us, but I'm not backing down.

### **July 25, 2024 - Keepin' It Together with Ilija**

We're still dealing with the aftermath of Fucky's attack. It's been a rough couple of days, and I can feel the tension in the air. There's something bigger brewing, and I don't know if we're prepared for it.

Tempo's been there, though. We've been training more, learning new strategies, and getting Elsa involved in the training. I can't believe how much she's learned—she's turning into quite the fighter.

But no matter what happens, we're sticking together. I know we'll make it through this, one way or another.

### **July 30, 2024 - Endmonth (Conclusion)**

So here we are, the end of July. A lot has happened this month. Some of it was terrifying, some of it was eye-opening. But through it all, one thing's become clear: I'm not the same person I was in January. The journey's been crazy, and I've learned so much about

myself, about love, about strength, and about what it really means to fight for what matters.

Tempo's still by my side. Elsa's still there, too. And Fucky? He's still out there, but I'm not afraid anymore. We'll deal with him when the time comes. For now, I'm taking this month to reflect and reset, getting ready for whatever comes next.

## **The Eightth Month of 2024: August**

### **August 1, 2024 - Summer's Still**

The summer heat hasn't let up. It feels like the world is on fire, and for some reason, Fucky's not backin' off. I thought that after the last battle, things would calm down, but it's been the complete opposite. It's like the universe is testing me—testing all of us. But if there's one thing I've learned, it's that when things get fucked, I don't back down.

Tempo and I took Elsa out for another training session today. It's crazy how much she's grown. She's not just a cat anymore; she's part of the team. And with each day, I can feel the bond between us strengthening. I think we're ready for whatever comes next.

But as we were walkin' back, I got this strange feeling that Fucky was watching us. I can't explain it, but I felt like something was coming. I'm not sure what, but it's not good. We'll be ready, though. We always are.

### **August 5, 2024 - Why the Fuck Did You Even Come Here?**

Today was... odd. I was in the middle of making my usual breakfast—eggs and bacon, of course—when the doorbell rang. I didn't expect anyone, but when I opened the door, there were two figures standing there, masked and cloaked in black. They introduced themselves as "Agents of Chaos." Yeah, I know, it sounds like something out of a bad comic book, but when they said they had information about Fucky, I couldn't just turn them away.

They claimed to have been tracking Fucky's movements for months and that he was planning something massive. Something we weren't prepared for. Apparently, Fucky's been gathering a team of his own, and they've been working in the shadows, manipulating events and creating chaos across multiple dimensions.

It's a lot to take in. I mean, who the hell are these guys, and why are they telling me all this now? I don't trust them, but I don't have much of a choice. We might be in over our heads with this one.

### **August 10, 2024 - Nother Training Session**

Tempo and I spent the day training again, but this time we were more focused. After the agents' warning, I can't afford to be caught off guard. Fucky's getting more dangerous, and I need to be prepared. We spent hours working on combat strategies, agility drills, and, of course, using weapons. Elsa was there, too, practicing her reflexes and learning new maneuvers. She's got potential, and I know she's ready for whatever comes next.

But it wasn't all about training. We had a real talk afterward, me and Tempo. They're worried about what's coming. They're worried about me. And I get it. I'm not just some teenager who stumbled into this mess—I'm the one leading this fight. But I told them, and I'll say it here: I'm not backing down. This is my fight, my responsibility. And if I have to take on Fucky and his whole damn army, I will. (Just kidding, I ain't backing down.)

## **August 15, 2024 - Nother Fucking Sexsus Motherfucker**

I knew it was coming. It's like I could feel it in my bones. Fucky made his move today. He attacked a nearby town, causing massive chaos—burning buildings, summoning monsters, and just wrecking everything in his path. I couldn't sit idly by while people suffered.

Tempo and I rushed in, with Elsa leading the charge. We fought through waves of Fucky's creatures, but they just kept coming. It was like fighting an endless

army of monsters. The battle felt never-ending, but we didn't stop. Not for a second.

At some point, Fucky showed up, strutting around like he owned the place. We had to face him directly. The fight was intense—like nothing I've ever experienced before. It felt like the whole world was on fire. But we didn't give up. Together, we fought tooth and nail, pushing back against Fucky and his forces.

In the end, we managed to send him and his minions retreating, but it wasn't without cost. I'm exhausted. And even though we won, I can feel the darkness coming. Fucky won't stay down for long.

### **August 20, 2024 - A Weird Dream (of some fuckin' sorts?)**

I had a dream last night. And it wasn't a normal dream. It was a vision of sorts. In it, Fucky was sitting on a throne, surrounded by creatures I couldn't even recognize. He wasn't just some villain anymore—he was

a king, a god, with an army that could crush everything in its path.

But the most terrifying part of the dream wasn't Fucky. It was a voice. A voice that told me I had the power to stop him. That I was the key to ending this chaos. But there was a catch: to defeat him, I'd have to sacrifice something precious to me.

I don't know what that means yet, but I have a feeling that whatever I have to sacrifice, it's going to change everything. I can't shake the feeling that this is bigger than I ever imagined.

**August 25, 2024 - Quietly.... So quietly.....**

It's been quiet the past few days, almost too quiet. I don't trust it. But I'm using this time to prepare, to figure out my next move. Tempo's still with me, and Elsa's been more determined than ever. We're ready. Whatever Fucky has planned, we're going to meet it head-on.

But I can't shake the nagging feeling that we're running out of time. The agents warned me that something big is coming, something I'm not ready for. But if there's one thing I've learned, it's that you don't get to choose when the battle comes. It just happens.

### **August 30, 2024 - Endmonth (Conclusion)**

As the month draws to a close, I can't help but think about how much has changed. Back in January, I was just some 18-year-old kid trying to figure out life. Now, I'm in the middle of a war with creatures from other dimensions, and I'm leading the charge. It's surreal, but it's real. And I'm not backing down.

Tempo's still by my side, Elsa's still doing her thing, and Fucky's still out there, waiting for the right moment to strike. We've got a long road ahead of us, and I don't know what's coming, but I'm ready.

This isn't just my fight anymore. It's ours.

### **The Ninth Month of 2024: September**



## **September 1, 2024 - Back to Eduballs (not really)**

School's back in session, and I have to admit, I was *really* hoping for a break from the chaos. But nope, here we are. The world keeps spinnin', and I keep battling whatever the universe throws at me. It's like every month has its own unique flavor of crazy, and September? It's got its own special blend of weird.

I got to work teaching today, but things didn't go as expected. The usual routine of being with Elsa, Tempo, and my family was interrupted by a very odd turn of events: Frankie the dog—yes, *the* dog, from Jumpstart Kindergarten—was sick. I walked into the classroom, expecting to find Frankie greeting the animal kids, but instead, he was lying there, pale as a ghost, with what seemed like a dog-sized hangover.

I crouched down, patting his head, trying to figure out what was going on. He gave me a sickly look before

vomiting all over the place. Poor guy. I had to give it to him—he wasn't looking so great.

"No worries, doggie," I said, patting his head. "You look sicker than a dying weasel, but remember: it's not about this, it's all about taking the break, and me taking the job. That's how shit goes when the main teacher is sick, you know?"

Frankie let out a low whine, clearly not thrilled about being out of commission, but it was clear he wasn't going to be teaching today. That left me with no choice—I had to step up.

**September 2, 2024 - Back to K (not as a student tho)**

So there I was, in the middle of a room full of animal kids, ready to teach them the basics of the world, but instead of Frankie, it was me at the front of the class. If you've ever seen the game "Jumpstart Kindergarten," you'll understand the scene. The animal kids were sitting there, looking up at me with those

wide, naive eyes, and I realized something: they all understood me. And by "understood," I mean they could *actually* speak English like humans.

So here I am, trying to teach this class of talking animals like they're human kids, but honestly, I was kinda into it. Who wouldn't be? These kids were *perfectly* trained to understand what I was saying, but it was still a weird experience to be the one leading the lesson.

I started with a fun game—teaching them about letters and shapes, the stuff Frankie usually does. It wasn't that bad. The lion cub, Toby, was a bit of a dumb Little Timmy dipshit (or troublemaker, to be fucking exact), but other than that, the animal kids were *actually pretty good*. We played some games about colors, shapes, and numbers. You know, typical kindergarten stuff.

But what made it *really* interesting was when the human kids showed up. They were a bit older, so they

were kind of skeptical about the whole talking animals thing. I mean, who wouldn't be? You've got a bear, a rabbit, a tiger, and even a parrot, and they're all talking like normal humans. It's kinda freaky when you think about it.

Still, I powered through the lesson, keeping things fun and lighthearted. The human kids were *really* into the interactive lessons. And I was good at this—maybe even better than Frankie! I didn't just teach them, I got them excited. I guess that's one of the perks of being the Fuckshits: I know how to work a crowd.

### **September 5, 2024 - Back to K, for the second time (BRUH 2 the day)**

The next day, Frankie was still sick, so I had to continue the job. But this time, it wasn't just teaching—it was handling *everything*. The kids were full of questions, and I had to answer them while also keeping them entertained. It was like juggling flaming swords.

Toby the lion cub kept asking me when we could play outside, and Ruby the rabbit wanted to know about the moon (fucking space science, god damn). And don't even get me started on how much chaos Max the parrot caused. He kept yelling at me to "teach faster" and mocking my voice. It was like trying to control a zoo. Until i burst in rage and accidentally screamed out a swear word onto his ass. He cried. (That motherfucking parrot dick...)

At the end of the day, I was drained. But Frankie managed to drag himself to class. He was still looking a little rough, we chatted about how it gone, and when it got to the part where i ragequit from the parrot, he gave me a shake of disapproval. He might have been sick and probably gave me some disapproval, but he knew I could handle things. Honestly, that made me feel pretty good. I didn't just step in for Frankie—I excelled at it.

### **September 10, 2024 - The Animal Kids...**

The lessons were still rollin' on, and I was managing the

chaos. But today was different—today, we had a “field trip” to the park. I’ve never seen a group of animals more excited to go outside. They were bouncing off the walls, practically vibrating with energy. The human kids were a little less enthused, but they joined in anyway.

The animal kids were full of questions and observations, some of them making more sense than the humans. Toby wanted to race, so I raced him—because why not? It turned into a full-on competition between the human kids and the animal kids. By the end of it, I was covered in dirt, but I had the biggest smile on my face. The kids were all so happy, and even Frankie—despite being sick—had a little grin on his face. It was a win for all of us.

### **September 15, 2024 - Back to K4**

By mid-September, I was getting pretty good at this teaching thing. Frankie was finally back to full health, and I was starting to think maybe I should become a

teacher. If I could handle a bunch of talking animals and human kids, what else could I do?

But of course, just as I thought things were calming down, I got an urgent call about Fucky. He was planning something, and I had to prepare for the next phase of the battle. No matter what, I couldn't let it all fall apart.

### **September 25, 2024 - finale of the month**

The last week of September felt like it lasted an eternity. Between teaching, preparing for the next showdown with Fucky, and keeping an eye on everything else going on, I was stretched pretty thin. But I'm used to it by now. It's just how life works for me.

Frankie was back in action, though, and I was relieved to see him fully recovered. Teaching the animal kids, managing the chaos, and still keeping track of Fucky was hard work, but I was getting used to it. This was my life now, and I couldn't back out. Not even for a sick dog.

## **September 30, 2024 – Endmonth (Conclusion)**

As the month ends, I look back at the chaos that has been my life. Between stepping in for Frankie, managing the animal kids, and preparing for another showdown with Fucky, it's been a wild ride. But it's not over yet. October's coming, and I know that means more battles, more challenges, and more weirdness to come.

But if there's one thing I know, it's that I'm ready. Bring it on, universe.

## **The Tenth Month of 2024: October**

### **October 1, 2024 – Tension in the Air**

The air feels different in October. It's colder, like the universe is getting ready for something. There's always something strange about this month—maybe it's the Halloween vibes or the feeling that something's lurking in the shadows. Either way, I could feel it coming. This



was going to be another chaotic month, and the universe didn't disappoint.

I started the month with my usual routine: gym class, Elsa by my side, and the constant, nagging feeling that something was about to happen. It was only the first day, and I was already getting weird vibes. But hey, I was used to it. After all, chaos is practically my middle name.

### **October 5, 2024 - Night of the Sexsus**

I knew it wouldn't take long for Fucky to show up again. That's just how things go in my world. I'd been keeping an eye on the movements of the villainous menace, and today, he made his move.

It all started when I got a call from Tempo and Katy. They were on high alert—Fucky was planning something big, and they needed me to help stop it. They didn't say what exactly, but I could tell from their voices that it was bad. I gathered Elsa, grabbed my gear, and set out to meet them.

When I arrived, Fucky was there, grinning like he had won. He had his usual creepy aura, and I could feel the tension in the air. He was always scheming, always up to something evil. But this time, I was ready.

We battled through the streets, fists flying, lasers shooting—just another day in the life of Fuckshits. Tempo and Katy joined in, using their strange powers to help take him down. But even with all that firepower, Fucky didn't back down. He was relentless.

We finally cornered him, and that's when he made his big reveal: he had a secret weapon. It wasn't just him this time—he had an army of robotic minions ready to wreak havoc. The fight got intense, but we pushed through.

In the end, Fucky retreated, his minions falling apart one by one. But I knew it wasn't over. It never was. He'd be back, and I had to stay vigilant.

**October 7, 2024 - Endboss Peace**

The battle left a mark on the city, but it also left me

feeling pretty good about myself. I had fought hard, alongside Tempo and Katy, and together we had managed to send Fucky running. But I couldn't shake the feeling that something was off. Fucky didn't seem like he was ready to quit.

That night, I took some time to reflect. Elsa sat by my side as I stared out the window, thinking about the battles to come. The fight with Fucky was just one chapter, and I knew the next would come soon. I had to be ready.

### **October 13, 2024 - Group-K Teachin'**

I took a break from the chaos to focus on teaching. Frankie was back to his normal self, and we had a special lesson planned for the animal kids. But this time, it was different. The human kids were more involved, and Frankie asked me to step up as co-teacher for the day.

It wasn't just teaching—it was like a big group project, with all of us working together to make learning fun.

The animal kids were still a handful, but I was getting better at handling them. Toby, Ruby, and Max were all still crazy, but with Frankie's help, we got through the lesson without much incident.

The day ended with a big cheer from the kids, and even though I was tired, I couldn't help but feel proud. Maybe teaching wasn't so bad after all.

### **October 15, 2024 - Weirdfish (important?)**

I was walking down the street when I encountered something I couldn't quite explain. There, in front of me, was a creature I had never seen before—half bird, half fish, and covered in glowing scales. It didn't seem dangerous, but it sure was weird. It looked at me with those bright eyes and then vanished before I could say anything.

I didn't think much of it at first, but later that night, I got a message from Tempo. Apparently, that creature was an "interdimensional scout," and it had come to

warn us about something big. It seemed like whatever was coming, it was going to be worse than Fucky.

### **October 20, 2024 - Carve Pumpkin**

In the spirit of Halloween, the animal kids and I got together to carve pumpkins. It was supposed to be a fun, lighthearted activity. But of course, things didn't go according to plan.

Max the parrot decided to take things to the next level and carved a pumpkin in the shape of Fucky's face, just to mess with me. Toby and Ruby joined in, and before I knew it, the entire class was carving pumpkins with weird faces—some of them downright creepy. It was like a nightmare come to life, but we all had fun in the end.

That night, I was sitting outside, surrounded by the eerie glow of fuck-o'-interns (jokename, heh heh...), when I got a call from Katy. Fucky was planning his next move, and this time, it involved a giant pumpkin robot. It was like something out of a horror movie.

## **October 25, 2024 - Robotkin Sexsus**

I wasn't sure how I felt about fighting a pumpkin robot, but when it showed up, I didn't have much of a choice. It was massive, towering over the buildings, its eyes glowing with an eerie orange light. The thing was armed with pumpkin bombs and vines that could crush anything in its path.

I wasn't alone this time. Tempo, Katy, and even Frankie joined the fight, and together we managed to take down the pumpkin robot. It wasn't easy, but we did it. We tore that thing apart, piece by piece, until there was nothing left but a pile of squashed pumpkins.

## **October 30, 2024 - Prepween Shit**

The days leading up to Halloween were full of preparation. We decorated the house, set up candy for the trick-or-treaters, and got ready for the big night. I was feeling good—ready to relax, have some fun, and eat a ton of pizza and candy.

But as the clock ticked down to Halloween night, I couldn't shake the feeling that something else was coming. It wasn't just about the pumpkin robot or Fucky. There was something bigger, something lurking in the shadows. I had a feeling that November was going to bring something unexpected.

### **October 31, 2024 - Fuckoween**

The night was alive with excitement. A crisp chill hung in the air as I stared out my window, the moon barely visible behind the clouds, casting an eerie glow over the neighborhood. Halloween night (or what it says in the title card) was here, and the streets were buzzin' with kids in costumes, ready for their sugar-filled journey to get candy. I, on the other hand, was getting ready for something a little different. No, I wasn't trick-or-treating. I had bigger plans, things far more sinister and supernatural in mind.

I leaned back in my chair, my eyes scanning the street from my front window. From here, I could see the

whole block; kids were darting from house to house, bags already bulging with candy. I had my own stash ready to hand out, but this night wasn't about sweets. It never was.

Elsa, my trusty feline companion, lay curled up on my lap, oblivious to the chaos outside. I scratched behind her ears, feeling the soft rhythm of her purring. For a moment, everything felt calm. But deep down, I could feel something was off. Something was coming. Something I wasn't ready for, yet I had no choice but to face it.

The doorbell rang, snapping me out of my thoughts. I got up, stretching my legs. I didn't bother looking through the peephole; there was no need. Halloween always brought the usual suspects—kids in their vampire, zombie, and superhero costumes. They weren't expecting anything strange, and neither was I. But the tension in the air was palpable, like a storm was gathering on the horizon.



Opening the door, I greeted the first group of kids—just a couple of ninja turtles and a ghost. I handed them their candy (and a bonus delicious pizza), smiling through the growing sense of unease. As they ran off, I noticed something strange. In the distance, at the edge of the street, there was a figure standing still, watching. It was too far for me to make out clearly, but something about it made my skin crawl.

I shook my head, dismissing it. It was probably just another kid playing some prank. But still, the feeling lingered. I returned to my spot by the window, watching the trick-or-treaters. But this time, I wasn't just watching the kids.

As the minutes ticked by, I felt the pressure building. The figure at the end of the street had disappeared, but the air still felt thick, charged with something unnatural. I couldn't shake the sense that I was being watched. That something was stalking me.

And then, just as I was about to close the door and settle in for a quiet night of candy distribution and avoiding the usual Halloween noise, my phone buzzed. It was a message from Tempo.

**"Ilija, we've got a situation. Meet us at the park. Something's wrong."**

My heart skipped a beat. The park? On Halloween night? I didn't need to be told twice. I grabbed my jacket, checked that Elsa was safe (she was, perched on the windowsill, seemingly unbothered by the ominous shift in the air), and rushed out the door. As I stepped into the night, the neighborhood felt... wrong. The streets, once filled with the laughter of kids and the occasional scream of a spooky costume, now felt deserted, almost ghostly. The wind picked up, rustling the dry leaves along the sidewalks, creating eerie sounds that only made the unease grow.

I didn't waste time, heading straight to the park. It wasn't far, but the night felt longer than it ever had

before. The usual Halloween decorations—fake cobwebs and skeletons—hung lifelessly, as if the night itself had become an actor in a strange play.

When I reached the park, I found Tempo and Katy standing by the old swingset. They looked more serious than I had ever seen them before, their eyes scanning the dark corners of the park as if they were searching for something... or someone. I could tell they were on edge.

"Whaddafuck's goin' on?" I asked, trying to keep my voice steady. My nerves were starting to fray. I could feel something about tonight wasn't just Halloween fun—it was something darker.

"We've been tracking some unusual readings," Katy said, her voice calm but filled with concern. "Something's come through. Something... not right."

I looked around, half expecting some horrific creature to leap out at me from the shadows. "What is it? A new villain? A monster?" My words felt hollow as I said

them, as if I was trying to convince myself this wasn't real.

Tempo looked over at me, a frown on his face. "No... it's not a new villain. This one... it's something different." He paused, glancing up at the full moon. "There's a rift. A tear in reality. And whatever came through is not from our world."

Before I could ask any more questions, the ground beneath us started to shake, just slightly at first, but growing stronger by the second. I stepped back, instinctively reaching for my gun—just in case. But this was no ordinary threat.

From the edge of the park, a figure slowly emerged from the darkness. It wasn't a person, but a massive, shifting form. It was like a huge, twisted pumpkin, pulsating with an orange glow that illuminated the surrounding trees. It was humanoid in shape, but its head—its face—was nothing like anything I had ever

seen. Its mouth stretched wide, jagged teeth glistening like broken shards of glass.

And then, the worst part: it spoke. But not in any human language. The voice was deep, rumbling, and distorted, as if it was being filtered through a thousand voices at once.

**"I AM THE GHOUL OF HALLOWEEN. FEAR ME, MORTAL."**

The ground cracked as it took a step forward, sending a shiver down my spine. I didn't have time to react before the creature unleashed a blast of energy from its pumpkin-like body. It sent us scrambling, barely avoiding the blast.

"Well, this is new," I muttered under my breath, eyes wide. It wasn't like anything I had ever faced before. Fucky was bad, but this thing... this was something else entirely.

Katy and Tempo were quick to act. They charged forward, using their otherworldly powers to counter

the creature's energy blasts. I joined in, my gun at the ready, but I knew we were up against something bigger than us.

The creature was relentless, firing off more blasts and slamming its enormous fists into the ground. Every time it moved, the earth seemed to groan under the weight of its presence.

I fired a shot, but it did little more than make the creature flinch. It was like fighting a nightmare—there was no clear weakness, no obvious way to take it down. But we couldn't give up. Not tonight.

For what felt like hours, we fought, each attack bringing us closer to defeat. But with each move, the creature began to weaken. Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, Tempo and Katy combined their powers, unleashing a massive burst of energy that engulfed the creature in blinding light.

It howled in rage as it crumbled, its body dissolving into a puff of smoke and leaving only a faint trace of its eerie orange glow. The park was silent once more.

I stood there, breathing heavily, my heart racing. Halloween had just become a battleground, and I had no idea what else might come next.

"Well, that was fun," I said, trying to lighten the mood, but the lingering unease never quite left.

Katy looked at me, her eyes serious. "It's not over. Something's still out there."

Tempo nodded in agreement, his eyes narrowing. "We'll need to stay on high alert. This was only the beginning."

As we made our way back to the streets, the sound of children's laughter echoed through the night. But I knew now, more than ever, that Halloween wasn't just about costumes and candy. It was about surviving the darkness that came with it.

And as I walked through the streets, past the trick-or-treaters and the glowing pumpkins, I couldn't shake the feeling that something much worse was still waiting just around the corner.

### **October 31, 2024 - Endmonth (Fuckoween Comes to a Close)**

As the month closed, I couldn't help but feel like October had been one of the weirdest months yet. From battling Fucky's pumpkin robot to teaching the animal kids, it had been full of surprises. But I had a feeling this was just the beginning.

November was coming, and I had no idea what was in store. But whatever it was, I knew I'd be ready. After all, I had Elsa, Tempo, Katy, Frankie, and all my friends by my side.

The monsters weren't going to win this time.



## The 2nd to Last Month of 2024: November

---

### November 1, 2024 - A Grand Shit Together

The first of November began with a satisfying shit—me sitting on the toilet, taking my morning shit while Elsa used her litter box next to me. The sound of leaves rustling outside and the crisp November air streaming through the window made the moment oddly serene and calm. Elsa, with her calm demeanor, scratched at her litter like a pro, her paws licking, nonfuckantly.

"Look at us," I said, leaning forward as the comforting relief of taking a poop washed over me. "Two fuckers of habit, huh? Just doing our thing, really begins the month right." Elsa meowed softly in agreement, her

color changing eyes staring into mine as if to say,  
"You're damn right, human".

I couldn't help but laugh. "You're lucky you get to do this without worrying about clogged pipes," I joked, flushing the toilet. The sound startled her for a second, but she quickly returned to grooming herself, utterly unbothered.

The start of a new month always came with a sense of anticipation. November would be no different, and as I washed my hands and gave Elsa a pat on her head, I felt ready for whatever the next 30 days would throw at me.

---

November 10, 2024 - Pizza Fight

It was late afternoon when the shitshow began. I was lounging on the couch, half-asleep, with Elsa sprawled out beside me like a loaf of bread. The doorbell rang, and my mind registered it as the sound of another delivery. But I hadn't ordered anything.

Curious, I got up, stretched, and opened the door. Standing there was a pizza delivery guy, holding three large boxes of steaming hot pizza. He looked frustrated.

"Uh, hey, man," he started, looking at a slip of paper in his hand. "I've got an order here for... 'Peter Fuckshits Bulcid'? That's you, right?"

I blinked at him, surprised. "That's me, but... I didn't order any pizza."

The guy frowned. "Well, someone at this address did. Paid for it online and everything."

Before I could reply, I heard the unmistakable sound of laughter—his laughter. Faint at first, but growing louder. My stomach dropped as I looked down the street. Sure enough, there he was. Fucky Sexsus, leaning against a lamppost, doubled over in hysterics.

"That son of a—" I muttered under my breath.

The delivery guy, still confused, waved the pizza boxes in my face. "Look, buddy, I don't care who ordered it. Someone's taking these pizzas."

"Hold on," I said, stepping out onto the porch. "I'll deal with this."

Fucky straightened up when he saw me approaching, his grin as wide and stupid as ever. "Hey there, Ilija! Enjoying your dinner?"

"You think this is funny?" I snapped, pointing back at the delivery guy. "Wasting his time? Wasting my time?"

"Absolutely!" Fucky said, his arms outstretched as if he'd just won an award. "I thought you could use a little excitement. Plus, who doesn't love pizza?"

"You're fucking unbelievable."

Before I could punch him in the face, the delivery guy interrupted, shouting from the porch. "Hey! Are you paying for this or not?"

That's when Fucky, in true Fucky style, pulled out a wad of cash from his pocket. "Don't worry, I got it covered," he said, strolling over to the guy and handing him the money. "But let's make it interesting."

I raised an eyebrow. "What do you mean, 'interesting'?"

Fucky smirked. "How about a little pizza duel? Winner gets the pizzas. Loser... well, they get nothing."

Now, I'm not one to back down from a challenge, especially when it involves food. "Fine," I said, cracking my knuckles. "What's the game?"

---

And so shitshow begins.

The rules were simple. We each had to grab slices of pizza and throw them at targets set up in my front yard. The targets? Paper plates taped to trees, fences, and even the side of my house. Each hit scored a point, and the first to ten points won.

Katy and Tempo, who just happened to be passing by (as they always do during moments like this),

volunteered to judge the contest. Elsa watched from the porch, her tail flicking back and forth as if she was amused by the absurdity of it all.

"Ready?" Tempo called out, holding up a stopwatch.

"Ready," I said, grabbing a slice of pepperoni pizza.

"Let's do this!" Fucky yelled, already holding a slice in each hand.

"Go!"

The first few throws were chaotic. Fucky, being the idiot that he is, flung his slices wildly, hitting everything except the targets. One slice even ended up stuck in my neighbor's bush. I, on the other hand, took



a more strategic approach, aiming carefully and scoring three points in quick succession.

By the halfway mark, it was 6-4 in my favor. Fucky was sweating, his confidence slipping with every missed throw. "This isn't over yet!" he shouted, grabbing an entire pizza box and hurling it toward the largest target.

It hit dead center, knocking the paper plate clean off the tree. Tempo and Katy looked at each other, unsure whether to count it as a point.

"Does that even count?" I asked, wiping pizza sauce off my hands.

Katy shrugged. "A hit's a hit."

"Fine," I muttered. "Two can play that game."

I grabbed my own box and hurled it with all my strength. It soared through the air, spinning like a Frisbee, before smashing into the fence and taking down three plates at once.

"Boom! Triple combo!" I shouted, throwing my arms in the air.

Fucky groaned. "This isn't fair. You've been practicing!"

"Don't hate the player, hate the game," I shot back.

In the end, I won 10-6. Fucky, defeated and covered in pizza sauce, slumped onto the grass. "I hate you," he muttered.

"Likewise," I said, picking up one of the boxes and handing it to the delivery guy. "Here, take one for yourself. You've earned it."

---

November 30, 2024 - Endmonth (Conclusion)

As the month came to a close, I sat on the couch with Elsa, reflecting on everything that had happened. From the bizarre start with the synced bathroom routine to

the chaotic pizza duel, November had been anything but ordinary.

Elsa purred contentedly in my lap, her warmth a reminder that, no matter how crazy life got, there were always small moments of peace to hold onto.

"Here's to surviving another month," I said, raising a slice of leftover pizza in a mock toast. Elsa meowed softly, her way of agreeing.

December was just around the corner, and I had no doubt it would bring its own share of chaos. But for now, I was content to sit back, relax, and enjoy the quiet—while it lasted.

And finally.... Finally... it's time for...

THE MONTH OF THE NEW YEAR!!!!

THE LAST MONTH OF 2024:  
DECEMBER!!!!!!!!!!

---

December 1, 2024 – The Calm Before the Shitstorm

December rolled in like a snowstorm, bringing a sense of finality to the year. I woke up to the smell of fresh coffee and a mix of cinnamon and nutmeg in the air. Elsa stretched beside me, yawning as she jumped off the bed. I was already thinking about all the chaos December would bring—mainly centered around Shitmas, my version of Christmas. And, of course, there was Fucky, lurking around, waiting for the perfect moment to fuck upload everything. But for now, I was content to relax.

"Ready for Shitmas, Elsa?" I asked, scratching behind her ears. She meowed in response, clearly not grasping the full scope of what was to come, but I could feel the excitement building in the air.

---

December 5, 2024 – Fucksshitting

Thanksgiving arrived with a "FUCK!". The whole family gathered around the table, and let me tell you, it was a true spectacle. Gigantic platters of food were laid out, and the smell was intoxicating. The star of the show? A family-sized chicken pot pie that could easily feed an army. It had that golden, crispy crust, stuffed with creamy chicken, carrots, peas, and a secret blend of herbs that made it the perfect centerpiece of our dinner.

"I can't believe we're starting Shitmas this early," my dad said, laughing as he set the table with Elsa by his side. His Santa suit was already halfway on, and he was playing Santa, as he always did. But this time, he'd also have a special cameo in our Shitmas movie.

“Get your hands off the food!” my mom shouted at him, although she was already stuffing her face with mashed potatoes. “The movie’s gotta have perfect continuity!”

I didn’t care about continuity. I was more concerned with Fucky, who was already plotting something. I could tell by the way he kept sneaking glances at the mashed potatoes, looking like he was planning to sabotage them.

“Don’t even think about it,” I said, pointing at Fucky as he took another sneaky swipe at the turkey.

“Relax,” Fucky said with that sly grin of his. “I’m just here for the Shitmas vibes.”

But I knew better. He was about to wreck everything.

---

December 7, 2024 – Fucksshitting (for real this time)

To spice things up this year, I invited Tempo and Katy to join us for Thanksgiving dinner. They’d been around since April, and they’d quickly become a regular part of the

family—especially since they now knew how to speak human language thanks to their “voice box disease.”

Tempo and Katy sat at the table, looking confused but happy. They were practically glowing in their own strange way, probably because they were surrounded by so much food. They had never experienced a feast like this before.

Katy grabbed a slice of turkey and took a big bite. “Mmm, this is good! But, like, I’d add more cheese to it. You know, just saying. Cheese makes everything better.”

Tempo nodded vigorously. “Cheese is life. But this pie—chef’s kiss—perfect. 10/10, I’d rate it higher, but I’m just a humble creature.”

We all laughed, but the food was indeed that good. The mashed potatoes were smooth, the stuffing was bursting with flavor, and the gravy was divine. Everyone got a chance to review their plate before moving on to the next dish.

---



December 10, 2024 – Shitmas Movie

The Shitmas movie was in full production by the 10th. The whole family was involved, playing exaggerated versions of themselves in a bizarre holiday spectacle. My dad was dressed as both Santa and, well, himself, and he was the one handing out presents to everyone, including Tempo and Katy. Mom played the main character—a no-nonsense chef preparing the ultimate holiday feast. And Elsa, of course, had a starring role as The Queen of Shitmas, overseeing the entire event from the comfort of the couch.

“Time for your close-up, Elsa,” I said, adjusting the camera. She meowed, unbothered as usual, as if to say, I don’t care about your movie, just give me treats.

Fucky, of course, was playing the antagonist. He tried to ruin everything by spiking the eggnog and knocking over the Christmas tree. Typical Fucky move. But we knew how to handle him.

“Don’t mess this up, Fucky,” I warned as he sneaked up behind me, trying to cut into my scene.

“Relax, it’s just a movie!” he said, grinning. “What’s Shitmas without a little chaos?”

---

December 15, 2024 – The 12 Meals of Shitmas

Shitmas was officially in full swing. Over the next few weeks, we had 12 meals, each more extravagant than the last. And every meal needed its own review. So, with Tempo and Katy at the table, we began the process of rating every dish.

Meal 1: Gigantic Chicken Pot Pie

Tempo’s Review: “Perfect crust, creamy filling. I would put more cheese on the top, but still a solid 9/10.”

Katy’s Review: “This is how a pie should be. Big, hearty, and full of flavor. 10/10 from me.”

Meal 2: Megapizza with 10 Types of Sauce and Cheese

I took one look at the pizza and knew we were in for something special. It had ten different sauces, ranging

from classic marinara to spicy buffalo, all blended in an intricate pattern with a variety of cheeses that left my mouth watering.

Tempo's Review: "I like the cheese. A lot of cheese. But it's too much for one pizza. Still, I'll give it 8/10."

Katy's Review: "I could eat this every day. 10/10, no question."

And so it went, meal after meal, dish after dish. Turkey, ham, stuffing, sweet potatoes, pumpkin pies, mashed potatoes, green beans—all reviewed in-depth by every family member. And then, of course, there were the drinks: cider, eggnog, hot cocoa, and more. Each one had its own moment to shine.

---

December 25, 2024 – Shitmas

Finally, it was the big day. Christmas Day. Or as we called it, Shitmas. Everyone gathered around the tree—complete with a mountain of presents—while dad played Santa, handing out gifts. Fuck, predictably, tried to sneak in and

ruin the fun, but this time, he wasn't going to get away with it.

“No more fucking with Shitmas, Fucky!” I shouted, tackling him into the snow. He struggled but quickly gave up, realizing there was no way to win this year.

After the gift exchange, it was time for the grand feast—12 Meals of Shitmas—all laid out in front of us, with every dish receiving glowing reviews from Tempo, Katy, and the rest of the family. The feast was perfect. 100%. Everything was flawless. We laughed, we ate, and we celebrated the holiday the only way we knew how—by making it our own.

---

December 31, 2024 – Endmonth: Elsa's Birthday

As the final hours of 2024 ticked away, I sat with Elsa in my lap, staring at the flickering lights on the tree. The New Year was almost here, and as much as I was excited about the fresh start, I couldn't help but think about how much had happened. The adventures, the battles, the laughs, the chaos—it had all been a hell of a ride. But

today was also special for another reason: it was Elsa's birthday.

She had been with me through all the craziness, quietly perched on my shoulder or curled up in my backpack, always there when I needed her most. So, in honor of her big day, I decided to throw a small celebration—just the two of us.

“Happy fuckin’ birthday, Elsa,” I whispered, giving her a gentle scratch behind the ears. She looked up at me, purring contentedly, clearly enjoying the attention. I had a special treat ready for her: a gourmet cat donut, made from all-natural ingredients, sprinkled with a bit of tuna flakes on top.

“Your gift this year is... a whole bunch of treats and all the love in the world,” I said, holding out the donut. Elsa took it eagerly, devouring it in record time.

As the minutes wound down to midnight, I knew the countdown would be a moment to reflect on everything. We had made it through a crazy year, and now it was time for something new.

---

The TV showed the countdown clock, pausing the DVD we were watching, called “Ilija in Stinky Problems”. Everyone in the house was gathered, ready to ring in the New Year. My dad was still dressed as Santa, still managing to fit into his role as the family’s Christmas figurehead. Mom was nearby, holding a glass of champagne, looking excited for the new beginnings.

“10... 9... 8...” The room echoed with excitement.

Elsa stayed curled up in my lap, her eyes half-closed as she enjoyed the peace. But I knew she could feel the excitement in the air.

7

6

5

4

“3... 2... 1...”

“Happy New Year!” we all shouted as the clock struck midnight.

I raised my glass of cider, toasting to the adventures ahead. "To 2025!"

Elsa meowed in agreement, somehow sensing the change in energy as we all cheered and celebrated. The year was officially over, and 2025 was beginning.

---

With the excitement of the New Year behind us, I focused on giving Elsa the best birthday celebration she could ever want. We spent the night hanging out, eating treats (I had a slice of pizza while she had a few more goodies), and just relaxing.

“Alright, Elsa,” I said, “let’s wrap up your birthday with some peace and quiet. You’ve earned it.”

She curled up in her favorite spot—right on my shoulder—and we sat in the stillness of the night, watching the lights on the tree slowly fade. There was no rush, no chaos—just a moment of calm before the next adventure.

---

January 1, 2025 – Start of 2025

As the first day of the new year began, I woke up to Elsa by my side, still sleepy from her birthday celebrations. The world felt fresh, like a blank canvas, and I could already tell that this year was going to be full of even more unexpected twists.

“New Year, New Dogshit,” I said with a grin, rubbing Elsa’s belly as she lazily stretched. “Let’s see what kind of trouble we get into next.”

Elsa gave me a sleepy meow, as if to say, I’m ready, as long as there’s food involved.



And with that, the year had begun. 2024 came to a close, and I am honestly proud. 2025 has begun.

## THE END

CONGRATS! You made it to Page 93! Great job! (unless you just skipped to said page)

So, you have read my 2024 experience, and yes, it is fictional.

Thanks for your attention.

Book list:

1. Diary of Fuckshits: 2024
2. Diary of Fuckshits: 2025
3. Diary of Fuckshits: 2026
4. Diary of Fuckshits: 2027

5. Diary of Fuckshits: 2028
6. Diary of Fuckshits: A 2029 Special
7. Diary of Fuckshits: 24 Years of Fuckshits Survived

Go buy these NOW!!!